

New Guinea  
March 11, 1945

My darling Mama:

Sabbath evening and a slight homesickness engulfs your son as he sits to write.

Today I received 4 letters from you today – Feb 20<sup>th</sup>, 25<sup>th</sup>, 28<sup>th</sup>, and March 1<sup>st</sup> – all long interesting letters. One contained Harold's wedding picture. His face looks much heavier than it did over here. I knew that he wanted to get married terribly.

"Rosa Day" plays on the radio, it reminds me of the 3 month period I taught school & of Fritz [illegible] – George Ian McAllister & Rosalie [illegible] singing it at some school function.

Today was beautiful & really looked like Sunday. We drove around the Bay – a distance of about six miles, and I marveled at the atmosphere. The air was much fresher & purer than is usual over here. The clouds hovered low and the ocean – very gray, dissolved inconspicuously into the gray clouds, some of which were of a billowing shape – others shapeless & just a part of the sky. Ships sat stolidly at anchor – lots of smaller ones darted busily about the harbor. I never tire of watching there, although Liberty ships, per se are dull & uninteresting looking – a multitude of hills are all about, all dotted with Bivouac areas and installations. The view of them was exceptionally clear today – despite the cloudiness of the day.

A Protestant Chaplain preached to our men again today. He is a sissy, middle aged looking Protestant from Laredo, Texas; I imagine that he is a chronic victim of halitosis. The men congregated in the mess hall where they sang & listened to a pointless sermon. I sang & requested the hymn "I come to thee" ( I think that's the name of it). Pin Up wondered restlessly about through the group & jumped up on me getting my clothes muddy.

After supper (we had steak tonight) Smith and I played a few games of Ping Pong at 6pm we came over to the quarters where we listened to the news which is still encouraging

Tonight I shall start reading a book called "The Great Smith" a story of John Smith the founder of Jamestown. We also have a book entitled Look Away – Look away – being a story of some Reconstruction Period Southerners who went to South American from New Orleans to found a colony there – I just read the synopsis & don't know if they reached there or not. You described in the show "Going my way" I didn't see it & am mad at myself because I didn't, as it was here on the Base. I like Bing very much.

Mother, I'm glad that you and Ed got the cow and calf for me. Gosh I wish we could make a good bit of money off the farm this year. How much do you think my sheep might make? I hope we can build a house after the war – and a pretty nice one too. Let there be no consideration of it being built at the farm. You wouldn't be [illegible] there nor neither would Ed.

I hope your chickens come up alright. Mama how is the interior of our house arranged; I would like to picture it in my mind. When I think of you, I always think in terms of the [illegible] house.

Mama, don't ever feel that you must always write be bright letters, or that you should never refer to the care of the day. Of course everyone says to write cheerfully to men overseas, but I am not such a

simpleton that I can't read factual letters. A person who must always be written to in a Dale Carnegie style of cheerfulness is a weak person indeed.

I have a good many worried & unpleasantness off and on. I rarely ever mention them for the reason mainly that constitutionally I am inclined to bottle up such within me. I always have throughout my life. I think that is one reason why I regard most people & places with varying degrees of negatives or dislike.

Mother don't send me the dress shoes because I don't need them. The moccasins I referred to are a good quality of house shoe – made of leather with good strong soles.

I enjoyed mass this morning; attend the one at Base [illegible]. (I keep writing the name of this base (or rather the code name) and of course it is forbidden) a large crowd attended & most of them received commission. The Base Chaplain is a Catholic.

Well one of these days – next year – I shall be home and we shall talk & talk. I still have a hard time arranging my pillow to read at night – I just don't have the knack. Received a letter from [illegible] Ruth & Gladys Vaughn (the girl who works for Walter Pfluger) today also three from Dorothy Parr.

[paragraph in Spanish]

There is one person whom I love and adore and her middle name is Kavanaugh.

Your little boy,

J Molloy Harrod